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VIEWPOINT

Volume X No. 5 February 28, 1973

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* We are printing this Fact Sheet for the benefit of those who were unable to attend the public hearing held on campus earlier this month.

The Staff

John V. Carlson
Judi Muller
Dan Shute

Alex Wales
Dave Wiseman
A.B.S. Representatives

Editorial

Our society has many ways of protecting itself from people or things that are different, that pose a threat to the status quo, or that represent a challenge to a satisfied conscience. One method which can be especially vicious is that one whereby a person or group of persons is branded, labeled, quarantined by the community to which they belong, named as an out-group. In the case of a person who has developed scarlet fever, such a quarantine was necessary for the protection of the physical health and survival of the community. In the case of the Scarlet Letter of adultery used by the Puritans, it was particularly reprehensible for it stripped a woman of her personhood and denied the restorative and ministering aspect which is a part of Christian Community.

Princeton Theological Seminary faces the possibility of participating in such an action. The labeling has already been done. Already the press and others have picked up the phrase "York Five" to identify and isolate the members of our community who, in December of 1972, were arrested and charged with "malicious injury to railroads." Perhaps in your field work churches, the group is quarantined with a less glamorous-sounding brand, such as "those other seminarians" or "those people from <u>your</u> seminary."

On campus, a similar, though less overt labeling has taken place. As one of the defendants put it during their public hearing on Feb. 7, "When I got back to campus, people looked at me as if both my parents had died -- no one seemed to know what to say." And, even though a significant portion of the seminary community has responded with love and hard work to support the defense of five good brothers and sisters, there is a sense in which they are even yet quarantined, isolated in a lonely, complicated, and expensive legal battle within a lumbering system which, instead of being a process to solve problems, seems more like a problem to be solved.

And yet, no matter how much we try to maintain distance through convenient labels and psychological quarantines, the theological and social facts of the matter are plain: Five brothers and sisters are in need of financial and emotional support. It is support which we can and should offer. To deny such support, for any reason, would be to walk on the same side of the road as the Priest and the Levite.

For this is no longer a matter of sterile, classroom theology; nor is it purely a question of partisan political ideology--although formal theology and political thinking are surely involved. But for those of us who are a part of that amorphous body known as the "Seminary Community," who have clamored so long for real community, what is central is that several persons, who are a part of us, are now in need of help. And it is the nature of Christian love and community that this love remains constant in times of greatest need, and that the community becomes most visible when the going gets rough.

VIEWPOINT stands whole-heartedly behind any attempt to raise funds to insure, at the very least, the best possible defense for five good persons. More than this, however, we ask the entire seminary to become a ministering community during the coming lonely months.

Anthropos Agonistes; a tribute to a friend.

Some Thursday last month, in Palmer Square, in a very simple way, I said good-bye to a friend. More than a friend, he was in one way a father, in some ways, a brother, for that is the way he often addressed those of us he knew -- "Hey, Brother!"

Our conversation was light that moring. We talked about a few mutual friends, his plans for the next few months, and he gave me a little advice about not worrying about things. Our ways parted at the square, and I wished him a good trip, and that was it.

Now that Chris Beker is gone, I suppose somewhere in Amsterdam, I can write this. He probably would not like it. The role of campus guru was becoming oppressive to him, he had complained, and I would not want to add to that burden. But I never looked on him as a guru, although this little piece may seem to reflect that measure of awe.

I met Chris Beker in my junior year here, and the fact is, I've only had one class from him. But what happened in that class made staying at Princetion, and appropriating for my own existence the Christian faith, possible. In that one class, as in no other, I saw a theologian doing theology, I saw a human being struggling with human existence.

Those who were there will remember his lecture of March 25, 1971. We gave him a standing ovation when it was over; a few people cried; I think someone hugged him. Among the remarks I remember are these;

"We are all born into a ritual of society, and it is decisive to decide for ourselves how much of that ritual we can appropriate for ourselves."

"To what extent is man imprisoned by a world-view and a metaphysic that are not his own?"

"A man must decide if he is to be a Christian and a man or a Christian and a pseudo-man."

"The Christian's quest is to be a free man in Christ, not one captured by a ritual he can't appropriate."

"The commitment of the church is to man. Talk about supernatural realities is wasted without a commitment to one's neighbor as one's brother. What does it mean to take care?"

"Confessions are no atonement for a failure of ethical life style."

"Yet, Jesus' religion was not a humanism, but held that a particular way of life is a disclosure situation of God Himself. A discovery of the neighbor is the highest form of revelation. Seeing another as brother is a miracle that is the gift of the grace of God."

He went on and on, and I could go on and on.

What was it that he did for me at that decisive period in my life? I had been at Princeton five months when I met him. I had already been told that I was not really a Christian because I didn't have the gifts of the Spirit, whatever they were. I had also been told I was not really a "Christian" (say it with sincerity and piety), a term some people on campus at that time used to designate members of their club. I was a person struggling with faith in an atmosphere where many of the people around me knew all the answers and were more than willing to mouthe them over and over again, and who went to classes, as they still do today, waiting to be told by some guru of their own that what they believe is right and that they're really Christians since they believe in the virgin birth.

And into my life came Chris Beker, for a few brief years. He was a man not too

proud to confess his own weaknesses openly, a man not ashamed to reveal the painful struggle of his own life to those of us who might be struggling with him. He was a Christian, atruggling not to be a pseudo-man, but a man in the twentieth century, a man of faith who could be completely honest with himself intellectually. He made reading the New Testament a means of knowing God when others were treating the New Testament as God Himself. He made inquiry, and doubt, and struggle, acceptable and respectable in an atmosphere where a failure to repeat the proper pieties suggested a lack of faith.

Those of us whom he touched will not sign petitions. We will not snicker at the weaknesses of others, nor engage in crude inneuendo about their personal lives. We will go out from this place struggling, into a world that is struggling, and we will say to the bank president, to the Bowery bum, to the pimp on Lexington Avenue, to the man who labors with his hands, to all who pass our way, "Hey,Brother!"

Chris Plumb

Open Letter

I would like to share with the Seminary community an excerpt from this year's Christmas letter from Bishop Kurt Scharf. Dr. Scharf is the Bishop of the Protestant Church in the Berlin and Brandenburg area with the German Democratic Republic (known to us as East Germany). As of January 1, 1973, his bishopric has been reduced to West Berlin only. In his reflection on this and other of the many changes and challenges, he writes the following. I trust that it might be another step in our greater appreciation for the universal Church of our Lord Jesus Christ in which we all participate.

> In connection with the New Year, I would like to mention some associations concerning Luke 5:36-39. I like this version of the parable. The relations between old and new, also between old and young shall come in order. The olds shall not look as the young people. They shall play their part and fulfill their contribution. It is necessary to respect one another and not to break in the sphere and the nature of the other. The young wine is sometimes more ardent, it animates, old wine is more wholesome and is better tasting.
>
> Jesus not only gives such rules. He has come, in order to make the old new. In the sphere of the temporality (and this is also valid for the forms of church-life) all the young will become old, every new start will become history. At the same time, in the spiritual, God creates all old new. God himself, in his son Jesus Christ, is the beginning and the end, and he is the same before and after all time. Those who belong to him take part in his eternity, his eternal age and his eternal youth. And to him do all belong - the fathers and the sons.
>
> With the promise of this truth many differences and contrasts become unimportant, the common in the essential becomes immense.
>
> I wish you all a happy New Year.

Submitted by
Dianna Pohlman

"Exist!
Exist!
Exist!"
silence rains rains
rains on the grave of desire

"Act!
Act!
Act!"
Behold! in the vacuum of trust wells the act
the act seeding life flowers
existence breaking forth
into action

Richard Weis

National Lament

O God, ruler of nations
Because we love you, we ask, seek and believe
Hear us now O God
We ask you here in our congregation
We seek your answers in our lives
We believe you are listening and care
Give us understanding O God

In all of history, Lord, we see the works of our hands
We have built cities, nations and satelites
We use the power given by you and we excell in accomplishments
But now we ask, "Why did you let us do it?"
You have not stopped our destruction
You have allowed us to worship the works of our hands
Selah

Our cities have become festering sores that disgust our eyes
We force human beings to be less than human
We see corruption in our laws, we laugh at the poor and we murder those who refuse our injustice and poverty
Our cities are an abomination to us, yet you have allowed it
Why, Lord God, Why?

Our nation is sick with blood guilt on its head
We relish in the destruction of other nation
We have forgotten the name of our God and have worshipped ourselves
Our altars are war memorials and national symbols
Our offerings are human sacrifices
Our savior is our military destructive power
Where are you Lord God?

Beliefs and faith are put in our rulers
Deceit and lies are their ethics for power
There is no trust, no truth, no love
Our faith is a pledge of allegiance to a flag
Our gospel is the victory of death over life
We believe in the almighty dollar
And You, O Lord, are relegated to the realm of justifying our sin

What is your will, Lord God?

Because we are members of your community
We know of your love
We trust in your laws because we have seen them in the covenants made with your people
You have shown us the power to save through Moses, David and Jesus
We believe that your Christ has come and has called us to be a chosen people
Thank you, Lord God.

We ask you now Lord God, to cleanse us from sin
Purify our wills and nature through love
Destroy that which is evil in our nation and cities
Give us the power to change what we have begun;
for the glory of they name
No longer hide your will from us, open our eyes and ears to your word
Come to us Lord and wake us up
Shatter our selfishness with your awesome power
Strike us deep within our bowels that we might be sick because of what we have consumed
If need be, Lord, burn our cities to the ground, tear our nation apart
That in the dust and ashes we might repent and be saved
In Jesus name we ask it

Lord God, creator of all things and saviour of all
Because you have given us your Son we believe that you hear
We know that by honest confession you will pardon our sins
We know that your presence is with all who call on you in the name of Christ
Because Christ lived, died and still lives
We believe you will rescue us from our self destruction
Even so, Come, Lord Jesus

Because we are your people we praise and adore you
We will live for you, and lift your words above all others
We will love and give love in return for hate
We will continually wait and work for the coming of your kingdom on earth
Hallelujah, Amen!

Steve Kenney

FACT SHEET ON THE "YORK FIVE" CASE

Defendants: E. William D. Galvin, Jr., 23 yrs., Baltimore, Md.
Princeton Theological Seminary - Middler.

Patricia A. Kirk, 26 yrs., Seattle,Wash.
Children's Librarian, Princeton Public Library.

Rollin D. Kirk, 25 yrs., Davenport, Iowa
Princeton Theological Seminary - Senior

Thomas E. Korkames, 21 yrs., North Brunswick, N.J.
Former Seminarian (St. Mary's, Baltimore)

Monica E. McKig, 25 yrs., San Diego, Calif.
Princeton Theological Seminary - Graduate.

ACTION: Shortly after midnight, Monday Dec. 18, '72, concrete was poured into a railroad switch on the tracks leading from an AMF factory that produces 4,000 antipersonnel bomb casings daily, in York, Pa. A statement was also found placed in the concrete.

CHARGES: 1. "Malicious Injury to Railroads," a felony with a maximun penalty of ten (10) years in prison and a fine of $5,000.00 and

2. "Conspiracy to commit an unlawful act," a misdemeanor with a maximum penalty of two (2) yrs. in prison and a fin of $500.00.

Both charges are brought by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. There can be no Federal prosecution as long as the state prosecutes.

BAIL: Bail was originally set at $25,000.00 each; later reduced by another judge to $7,500.00 each. In lieu of bail, the defendants spent four days in York County Prison. They were released on Thursday, Dec. 21, when the Shumway Farm was put up as security and The Quaker Peace Project contributed $2,000.00. We are asking people to loan us United States or Pennsylvania State bonds without risk, so the Shumways can get their farm out of hock.

PRELIMINARY HEARING: Friday, Dec. 22, '72, the defendants appeared before a magistrate who decided there was enough evidence to send the case to a grand jury for possible indictment. The grand jury will begin its term in April.

LEGAL TEAM: Charles Alonzo Glackin, David Kairys, Jack Levine and Louis M. Natali, Jr. These attorneys from Harrisburg and Philadelphia have all volunteered their services. All worked on the defense of the Harrisburg Seven. All are specialists in key fields--wire tapping, grand jury, etc.

DEFENSE FUND: Estimates of the costs of the defense run around $25,000.00 We will need $5,000.00 even before the grand jury meets in April. Even though the lawyers won't receive a fee, they do need to pay for transcripts, filing fees, secretaries, researchers, and more. CONTIBUTIONS AND VOLUNTEERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED! Send checks payable to:

Princeton Peace Fellowship

Contributions:
c/o Dr. George Sweazy
31 Alexander St.
Princeton, N.J. 08540

All other Correspondence;
Joan Vassantkumar
203 Hodge Hall
Princeton, N.J. 08540

Administration View
On Amnesty Told

HEAVEN, Feb. 15 - His eyes brimming with unshed tears and his voice breaking, St. Peter, the Keeper of the Keys, appealed for celestial unity today. The scene came at the end of a long news conference in which St. Peter covered a wide range of subjects, including the Administration's efforts to deal with denominational opposition to its program for world redemption.

During the conference, St. Peter handled questions easily on Bondage and Freedom, Flesh and Spirit, Faith and Doubt, and Law and Gospel.

He became visibly emotional, however, when he was asked to justify the Administration's hard line toward Commandment-resisters at the same time it was seeking an era of reconciliation with atheists and agnostics.

St. Peter began by noting that while Divine Law provides outlets for penitent sinners, "we have a system that requires you to respond to the Torah."

His voice rising, Peter went on:

"Now, in cases where people claimed to be God-fearing, but broke the law, they set a very bad example for others and led some down the path of iniquity. Take the case of the so-called 'apostle' Paul," he continued, his eyes becoming visibly moist, "Here was a man who claimed to be doing God's work, yet encouraged innocent parties to abrogate the Law, and to ignore the vital area of works. I'm sure we all shudder when we remember what happened to him."

After a pause, St. Peter said that it was important for the universe "to attempt to get together and have a period of reconciliation," but he added that the Administration would not permit "unjustified" attacks to remain unanswered.

It was generally understood in Heaven that these comments by St. Peter were meant to reinforce a camment made by God at his press conference of January 31. At that time, God was asked to comment on whether or not he would grant amnesty for sinners. He replied in part: "Amnesty means forgiveness. We cannot provide forgiveness for them."

St. Peter ended his news conference with the statement:"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide. And if you blow it, it's your tough luck."

Theodore A. Gill, Jr.

VIEWPOINT

Volume X, No. 6 March 14, 1973

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On Not taking an Internship .....John V. Carlson

An Open Letter to the Seminary Community.....

The Staff

John V. Carlson
Alex Wales
Dan Shute

Judi Muller
Dave Wiseman
Members of ABS

Editorial

This week the field office opened up its files for field positions for next year. A meeting was held Tuesday, March 6 to answer questions about field work. Alumni News is going to devote its spring issue to field education. And now, Viewpoint is presenting its own field work issue. Actually, all of these various approaches came out of different concerns and reasoning, but they do focus upon something that is a part of each seminarian's life at PTS.

Field Education is the most complained about, lauded, real, unrealistic, helpful, and useless segment of Seminary education! Some would have the program expanded. Others would make it optional. And still others have felt that it should be abandoned. Every student knows that he could run the job better if it were his to run. Reactions to various jobs have run the gamut from meaninful relationships to varied learning experiences to glorified baby sitters.

The verbiage that comes out of the field education office seems to remain as such for students. Teaching Churches, internships, the Newark program, all sorts of ideas and concepts are presented each year at this time to entice, invite, interest, and finally, snag students into various field positions. Can they really be as meaningful as they present themselves to be? Can jobs at churches help increase all students' theological understanding of what is really happening to the American Church?

In the next few weeks, middlers and juniors will be visiting the field office in a search for the "perfect job," an easy touch with very little time expended. Or a job that deals with adults and not "kids" (as though a ministry to adolescents is something less important than a ministry to adults.) And there probably will be complaints that there was favoritism because all the good jobs were snapped up. Just because these other students procrastinated and were left with the haggarded remains of churches that no one else wanted.

So here is our offering. We can only hope that those students who want to, get something vital from their seminary experience. We invite your comments on fieldwork or any other matter. If you have something to say and it's worth listening to, why not say it here. Peace.

A.H.W.

Philosophy of Field Education: An interview with Nick Van Dyck

One Tuesday evening a few weeks ago, 20 students gathered to discuss Field Education with Nicholas Van Dyck and Donald Mackenzie. A large part of the time was devoted to dealing with questions concerning availability of different types of field positions, supervision, semester reports, and frustrations about working with junior high groups!

Toward the end of the program, Dr. Van Dyck discussed some issues which he feels are particularly important in Field Education. The following paragraphs are taken from a tape recording of his comments. Hopefully, they capture something of what was being expressed that evening.

"Somewhere at the core of this enterprise is, to use a Catholic term, spiritual formation. Field Education provides a setting where a man or woman is thrown into relationships which raise question, questions such as 'What am I here for?' . . . 'What is the meaning of this moment?' There are no ready-made answers to these questions, for it is only through living fully into the question of love, lonelimess, death and resurrection with patience and expectation that their meaning becomes alive. In this context we can come to be in closer touch with our inner imperative and discern more clearly the shape and power of Christ who is with us and within us. What we do can become less and less merely a matter of things to occupy time and fill our emptiness. Ministry can move from occupation to vocation.

"In Field Education students step across a threshold into a continuing life process of interdependence with people and ideas where this inner direction enables a person to stand up a little straighter as he or she moves into each unknown future moment. It is vitally important to develop this sense of who I can be for you. We have doubts all along the way, yes, but these, too, can be affirmed in significant relationships.

"Henri Nouwen writes about ministry as the art of hospitality. To be reasonably at home with our inner selves is to be able to welcome another, the guest, into our living space where he becomes free to be the bearer of Good News. As preachers we do not always have to be the only persons with the Word. A pastor is called to create open spaces of hospitality in which the Gospel can be shared. When Jesus is asked who he is, he responds by saying, 'Who do you say that I am?'

"Field Education can help to put flesh on this understanding of spiritual formation by thrusting students out and away from an environment which has been all too familiar for over 16 years of their lives. The modus operandi in school has been to receive rewards for repeating other people' answers to life's questions. Field Education does, I hope, help students to act and speak without citing footnotes.

"It is also important that students develop their skills in the art of self appraisal. Ministry is somewhat unique among professions in that a pastor has to be particularly in tune with the responses of people to him and the integrity of his response to them. No one awards "A's" or "F's" in the parish. Sensitive, honest self appraisal is a key to growth in ministerial competence and an on-going sense of confidence in effective service.

"Another thing...the rhythm of field work and study work is an important model for a minister's life style. There is a crucial connection between a deep plunge into action and disciplined preparation and reflection. It helps to know something about swimming before diving into deep water, especially if someone else is there going under for the third time. Let me give you an example. You are having trouble with Johnny, aged 14, who continually raises hell at junior high youth group meetings. By definition he is confused about who he is at this age. He is continually getting "not OK" messages at home because he is raising hell there too. The same is true of his life at school. And now here he is with you. It is possible that he can be confronted with the fact that he is disturbing the group in such a way that you and he can sit down together after the group leaves. In that conversation it may be possible for him to hear you talking about your feelings of what it is like to be accepted for who you are, not just what you do. Perhaps he can glimpse in his own frame of reference what it means to be justified. And the meaning of that event becomes far deeper than "I'm OK - you're OK". The task is to dig deep in order to get in touch with what's happening within the context of God's caring acceptance, His forgiveness, our justification ... These words can become flesh in just such an encounter. Isn't it here that we can begin to understand what it means to respond to the infinite in and through the finite ... to be touched by the ultimate in penultimate events such as youth meetings, business meetings, study, teaching, counselling and preaching?

"In the movement between field experiences and classroom study, a student can learn to do what no one else can do for him, namely, to integrate what happens in both arenas. This process can enable a future pastor to see his vocation as being more than programs, budgets, and articulate sermons, as important as these things are. His vocation can be seen as putting together a humble understanding of the mystery of God's grace and the celebration of it's incarnation with those with whom he works and plays. We are hopefully training people to become more than good administrators and good scholars. We are preparing men and women to greet the future with the patient expectation that "chronos" <u>is</u> defined by its "kairos" moments and to rejoice in that continuing rediscovery.

"Reality testing of who you are becoming is also a part of Field Education; the sense of being accountable and the experience of having developing competencies confirmed. Field Education is accomplishing its purpose as students become able to affirm "I have something important for you ... you have something important for me.

"There is never enough time in one or two days a week to honor relationships as fully as students would like. Weekend field education does have its limitations. A nine to fifteen month full-time internship between the middler and senior year is clearly a richer alternative. I wish more students would take advantage of the many fine internship opportunities which are available. The Newark Extension Program is another year long experience which offers rich involvements in action as well as study in an urban setting.

"In closing I would like to recall for you something a student wrote as part of his end-of-semester report. It has to do with two important goals of Field Education which are to help clarify a student's sense of direction and to enhance his ability to create with others open spaces where discoveries take place. The student writes; "Field Education requires risk taking ... ministry itself is risky, an ongoing willingness to be vulnerable. Preparing for ministry is a continuing process which does not stop with ordination. In this sense, Field Education is a starting point...preparing me through active engagement in Christian ministry."

On Not Taking An Internship

It is difficult for me to talk about my internship experience without sounding like a walking, talking wind-up doll who does daily commercials for Nick Van Dyck's favorite program. And I am tempted once again, even now, to catalogue meticulously the merits of the internship, chief of which are the opportunities of personal growth and practical field experience which most week-end field education jobs cannot even begin to provide. Suffice it to say that the internship year was by far the most significant experience in my seminary years. Most of those who take internships feel this way. And yet, simple arithmetic shows that the number of seminarians electing internships is declining, rather than increasing. I feel that it is important to evaluate some of the reasons often given for passing up the internship opportunity.

The reason most commonly offered is the reluctance to add an extra year to one's seminary career. Students are understandably eager to be rid of the burdens of writing papers, required investigation of dead languages, and administrative paternalism, to name just a few. To delay the time when Princeton Theological Seminary is just a dim memory seems for some unbearable. And yet, to fail to take advantage of one of the best educational programs the seminary has to offer is merely to compound the problem. For as long as I have been on this campus, I have heard complaints about the irrelevance of the cirriculum, the inadequacy of field education, the lack of opportunities for personal growth and self-examination. It seems to me that a person who is serious enough about theological inquiry to commit himself or herself to three long years of study would welcome an opportunity to test and validate that inquiry in nine months of a year of active, full-time work of one kind or another. In short, I found that the internship experience lent relevance and credibility to seminary education, and that it provided meaning and direction to the final year of academic study.

A second reason for not taking an internship concerns varying attitudes toward the parish. A person who is certain he wants to go into parish ministry following seminary may feel, "why put off the time until I can enter the parish full time?" There is sometimes a concurrent feeling that "If I get out into the action for a full year I'm afraid I might not come back." To this I would respond by saying that no field education experience that I know of can prepare a person for parish work like an internship in a church. Even those of us fortunate enough to have a good field work experience don't get the full taste of parish life in weekend work. It's mainly a matter of desiring the best and fullest preparation for serving in a church which needs all the good men and women it can get. The church can't afford any more incompetent ministers. And as for not coming back for the final year of seminary, a person who is really committed to parish work will find the desire for ordination enough to see him through the final year. And if not, then perhaps the parish really isn't the place for him.

Others have an ambivalence toward the parish--they really aren't sure whether the word should be spelled "Parish" or "Perish." In this case, it is better to spend a year finding out before ending up in an unhappy situation after graduation. Or, if they have leanings toward another area of work or ministry, there are other internships available to afford them the opportunity to decide--such as chaplainships,work in social service agencies, or teaching.

In the case of the person who is certain that parish ministry is not for him or her, and who is thereby certain the internship should not be considered, I would again point out the other kinds of internships available in which that seminarian might find a vocational home. The real point I am raising here is that there are enough kinds and styles of internship experiences to be of practical benefit to a wide range of interests and talents.

Although the third reason for not electing an internship is probably less well known and not too well understood, I have a hunch that it may be quite prevalent. I believe that often times the internship is avoided as a method of resisting the challenge to one's self-image and personal ideas. And of course, if a person is looking for bland confirmation of biases and ideals, he may be able to find it (if he's careful) within the womb-like safety of PTS, but he will not find it in the internship. It raises the question of how eager to leave the seminary we all are -- perhaps we protest too much. For it is easier to complain about the administration and read Bultmann or Barth than it is to plumb the depths of one's own theology and mode of operations in the real world. And I believe that this should be begun while one is still a seminary student--after graduation, it is far too easy to lapse into the trap of feeling like the struggle is over, and that the minister now has it made. The number of uptight, entrenched and emotionally closed clergy should witness to the point being made.

All of this is not to say that the internship is for everyone. Quite conceivably, one's own background and future plans could militate against doing an internship. And just as some will find that the internship is absolutely critical, others will certainly decide that there are other ways in which they could more profitably spend a year of their lives. What I am suggesting is that the internship, with its dual orientation toward learning and doing provides a singularly unique opportunity for more adequate preparation of ministers -- both professionally and personally.

As one student remarked last fall, "The seminary teaches you how to be a good preacher--but it doesn't teach you how to be a person." If this statement rings true for you, as it did for me, take a risk and consider an internship. And if you find yourself with three or four glib excuses why you shouldn't then you probably should.

Jack Carlson

An Open Letter to the Seminary Community:

"Care must be taken to consider candidates without regard to race, ethnic origin, sex, or marital status." -- from the Form of Government, 50:01, a portion of the constitution of the UPCUSA.

Th following are quotations from the 1972-73 series of Senior Placement Notices of Princetion Theological Seminary:

From Senior Placement Notice #10:

First Presbyterian Church
Miami Springs, Florida
(Assistant Pastor)

"The Church is seeking a man for this position."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Senior Placement Notice #10:

Assistant Pastor
The Presbyterian Church
Tenafly, New Jersey

"The position requires a man, according to information from the Church."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Senior Placement Notice #8:

Assistant Pastor
First Presbyterian Church
York, Pa.

"The pastor is seeking an older man in his forties to be assistant pastor responsible for evangelism and education."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Then, appearing in Senior Placement Notice #10, the following:

<u>"DID YOU REALLY READ THAT NOTICE?????????</u>

Be sure you READ the SPN before you splash your name all over the pink sign-up sheets. One job we described was for a <u>MAN</u> in his <u>FORTIES</u> or <u>OLDER</u>.

Eleven seniors signed up: one woman and ten seniors under thirty.....

But,then, hope always springs eternal, I guess! Read again SPN #8, pg 2."

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From Senior Placement Notice #11:

Pastorate
Wolff Memorial Presbyterian Church
Newark, New Jersey

"They seek a white, male pastor."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The above are some instances of the overt condonation of unconstitutional church hiring practices by the Seminary Placement Office. There are others.

We realize that a church cannot be forced to hire a particular person for any position. The churches cited above, however, have not even taken care "to consider candidates without regard to race, ethnic origin, sex, or marital status."

This issue has been discussed with Dr. McCord and Mr. Byers. They argued that refusal to cooperate with such churches would mean that there would be fewer opportunities for white male students through the Placement Office. Nevertheless, such hiring practices on the part of the churches are clearly illegal under the section of the Form of Government quoted above, and the Seminary by aiding and abetting such practices participates in such illegality. It also violates the spirit of the 1967 Civil Rights Act.

This is clearly a moral issue. Do we as a Church believe in equal opportunity or not? The Seminary's official answer is: not if it hurts the majority. A pragmatic answer has been given to a moral question. Should Christians deal with ethical issues by asking what is pragmatic or what is right? Jesus Christ, whom we call Lord and Master, gave moral answers to moral issues, and we believe that His followers can do no less.

In the light of this it is time for the Seminary to stop being pragmatic and begin following th imperatives of human law and Christian love.

It is our firm belief that unless a church is willing to consider any qualified student of the Seminary it should not be permitted to use the services of the Placement Office. In a time when the Church is working to ensure equal treatment for women and minority group members, here is a concrete opportunity for the Seminary to act on Christian rather than pragmatic principles.

Wendy Boer
Rollin D. Kirk
Gail S. Ricciuti
Barbara Chaapel
Monica McKig
John O. Wiederholt
E.A. Borycz
Richard D. Weis
J. Roger Watts
Cullen I. K. Story
Freda A. Gardner
Gina Rhea
Gregory J. Keosaian
William Murdock
James E. Pohlhammer
William S. Spears

Field Education: A Humbling Experience

If humbling experiences ripen us for service in the Kingdom, then field education must have been divinely instituted, for it is most assuredly keeping us humble. At least such is the case with the weekend variety which lacks the depth and responsibility that a permanent field education job, such as an internship, offers. I have had three weekend jobs in Philadelphia, New York, and Trenton, each of which failed to offer much more than frustration and the empty feeling of accomplishing almost nothing in program or relationships. The shallowness is inevitable because the commitment is tenuous and forced. The product is feeling angry, guilty, and inadequate, and quite naturally fears about entering the ministry develop. The joys are absent, there is not enough time for intimacy, and despair outweighs the seldom experienced affirmations.

Such was not the situation, however, with my internship. My involvements in counseling, teaching, worship, community, and politics were necessarily deep and creative. While conflict is never absent, there are the elements of time, commitment, and self-purchased responsibility which balance the joy with the despair and offer growth and fulfillment in struggling to keep that balance.

Therefore, while I feel strongly that field education is essential, its implementation must be seriously re-examined. Perhaps the field education requirement could be fulfilled through one semester of full-time ministry, cutting out the weekend variety as a requirement and leaving five semesters of study. Or perhaps requiring a full year internship.

I don't wish to neglect the occasional positive experiences in weekend field education, but I do wish to make clear the contrast between the two types of field education I experienced and indicate my strong preference for the latter. It is interesting that after reflecting on his field education, a friend of mine remarked he was thankful the Kingdom of God comes in spite of what we do. While this theology is sound, it strikes me as humiliating and unhealthy that God's grace is experienced only in situations of despair.

Richard L. Henrickson

*Editor's note: There are currently ten applications in the field education office to fill a possible fifty internship positions. Also only four students have applied to fill twelve openings in the Newark Project.

dw

VIEWPOINT

Volume X, No 7 April 4, 1973

In this issue. . .

Articles and poetry written by three members of the Association of Black Seminarians... presented by VIEWPOINT in a special issue to mark the ABS Festival, "Umoja (Unity): Today, Tomorrow,Forever," April 4-7...

A Book Review and a Sermon ..... Don Oliver

Reflections on the Church .....BettyAnn West

Poems .....Dixie Baker

Also....

Nixon and the Urban Crisis ..... Dean Hoge

The Poets ..... "Hakim"

STAFF

John V. Carlson
Judi Muller
Alex Wales
Dan Shute
Dave Wiseman
Members of ABS

Book Review
Charles V. Hamilton, The Black Preacher in America
(New York: William and Morrow Co. 1972)

Out of the experience of the Greater St. John Baptist Church on the south side of Chicago and the experience of becoming a noted political scientist Dr. Charles Hamilton weaves together in The Black Preacher in America, a set of images of the black preacher, past and present, a set of statistics about the distribution of black preachers and their churches, a set of problems concerning black preachers and education, and many important suggestions about the direction the black preacher and church ought to take. As one examines the fabric of this work, the images and ideas which tie it together, it can be agreed that the black preacher fits no one mold. He is a man with many roles and functions to serve. "Comments about him run the spectrum from jackleg to hustler to statesman to man of God." It is this figure the book discusses. It is this that Dr. Hamilton describes as: "the middle minister who has provided the most sustained leadership in the black community and who has built the largest continuing institution of the Black people."

Given this "...generalization of a sort..," the middle minister and his sustained religious leadership, where does Hamilton expect to come out in his discussion of him? What does he hope to say to or about this 'middle' figure who is not "socioreligious, who is not the mass-movement type with God qualities, not the leader of small cults?" In other words, one wonders if this book is no more than a position paper or essay turned into an academic exercise to say that black preachers should become or be socioreligious, mass-movement types, and leaders of small cults. Such a thought arises from the assumption that this discussion is addressed to the black religious leadership primarily. Of course, when one realizes that Hamilton is a politician and not a theologian, a layman and not a preacher, it is only natural that he should represent the political possibilities of the black preacher/church in the community. This is to suggest that Hamilton's concern is not of a theologically historical community, but of a political one. If this, in fact, is the intention of his work over against a mere presentation of information on the successes, failures, roles, and hopes of black preachers, then it must be demonstrated. If this is demonstrated then one might respond in the way that God responded to David when he wanted to build the Temple in Jerusalem: "It's good that it's in your heart." David never got it erected but it was good that it was in his heart.

Dr. Hamilton's research draws on the experience of such men as: Samuel Ringgold Ward, an outspoken black Presbyterian who fought for the abolition of slavery in the late 1700's, Nathaniel Paul, a Baptist preacher from Albany, New York who participated actively in the progress of emancipation, and the Reverend Jupiter Hammon who preached sermons to slaves that were to be appeasing to whites slave owners. For Hamilton, history also records such figures as Richard Allen and Absalon Jones as non-violent evangelicals. These men along with others are discussed only in terms of their relationship to slavery as an institution and not as an experience theological or otherwise. To put this another way, would one get a better portrait of the black preacher if he were discussed (historically) as a spiritual leader with a spiritual congregation ministering under an oppressive hand, slavery? This may sound like an unjustified opinion, however such judgments must be left with the readers of Hamilton's book.

The overriding question in this review asks if the title, The Black Preacher in America, is misleading. That is to say, even if a scholar is entitled to his or her own perspective of the black preacher, is one not also responsible to understand or to discover what black preachers find themselves called to? Obviously,

it is good to know that black clergy have represented black folk in the transition from Africa to America, from slavery to freedom, and from the mass-movement out of the south to the north. It is good to understand the black preacher as a "linkage figure." It is good, at the same time, to know that black clergy are a group in need of more educational training. Even so, how do black clergy themselves respond to Hamilton's predetermined categories: "The Preacher and His People," "The Ministry during Slavery," "Many Pastors Many Pews," "Education and The Ministry," etc. After reading these chapters one wonders if the black preacher is the man that fills the pulpit on Sunday with all of his historically grounded charisma, or if the black preacher is the man who leads twenty-four independent black churches and religious organizations. Who is this man or woman? Are they statistics, figures, roles, or children of God-or both? This is why the book's title is in question. One must decide if it is more important to realize the black preacher as a man or waman with a God-given mission or a man or wanam who sometimes fails in his political responsibilities.

In light of the questions raised it should be noted that Hamilton's research involved extensive interviews. (Does the black preacher really have a chance to express who he is and what he is about?) It is interesting to observe that the results of these interviews are covered in Chapters VII-X, the last fourth of the book. Chapter VII covers "problems some ministers have with their congregations when the minister attempts to assume roles in the church or in the community with which the parishioners disagree." Chapter VIII covers some of the experiences ministers have had in becoming trained for their profession. Chapter IX discusses preachers as being self-reliant individualists. Finally, Chapter X introduces the relationship miniters have with young people and the church. At the end of each of these chapters there is a little mandate which in so many words says preachers must be more sensitive. Observe: "The black preacher must guard his words and actions...he must reject those aspects of their formal training they know to be clearly irrelevant to the culture..."(black preachers must be sensitive to the culture), (black preachers) "must be sensitive to the marketplace," "they (youth) want to involve themselves with groups that are actively engaged in doing constructive things for the masses of black," Sensitivity again, The point in listing these quotes is to demonstrate that it is Hamilton's agenda that is being propagated and not really a portrait of the black preacher.

Don Oliver

Creation

Main Point: I want to say this morning that if creation is to continue here at Calvary then we must see ourselves as the creators because wrapped in our creative activities there is redemption from sin, responsiveness to God, and better relationships between each other.

In the beginnings God created in Hopewell a Second Calvary Baptist Church.

And the church was without order and full of chaos. And God said: Let there be a building which is filled with light and a peace that passeth all understanding and it was so.

And God saw their faith. And God saw their persistence and he said: That's Good.

Years later, Calvary survived many ministers; years later Calvary grew; years later a minister came and he was a child of God.

And God saw the minister and God saw the congregation with its new organ and young vibrant choir, with its block parties and its fun, with its faith and love - and God said that's good.

And God said let them have faith and believe, all of them because I love them. - Is that good?

And God said let them have faith and believe, all of them because I love them. - Is that good?

By his grace we are saved in our history.

The two most significant events in all of human history are the creation and the resurrection. On the one hand, God in all his majesty has created from nothing a light so that all the world might see and know there is but one God. Out of nothing, the God we worship has created a firmament to hold the rains and the dry land so that with the rain and the land we all might be given something to eat and something to pray over each and every day. Out of nothing, this great God has created luminaries, a greater luminary to rule the day and a lesser luminary to rule the night and along with that he has provided fishes and fowls animals of all kinds. And when God finished and looked out on his creation he said: "That's Good!" - but I'm lonely still, I'll make me a man and he shall rule my garden and all that I have created shall be for him to give glory to me.

But we all remember the story of the Garden. For six days God labored and toiled with the nothingness or our universe to create a place for us. And after he had created for us a warm home - we fell. We fell because Adam brought sin into the world and because he ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. But God in all his mercy decided: "I won't stop there." -I'll make it possible for them to go back to the garden. So on the second hand, we have the resurrection. God has made it possible for us to be raised from the dungeon of death back up into the garden of life. This morning, getting into the garden and walking with the Master in a more perfect union is what we are about.

But in order to get back in that garden we must realize and know in our hearts that God's creation continues on. His creation continues on right here at Calvary. When we worship here each Sunday - creation is going on. When sister Bartlett sings:

"Precious Lord - take my hand, lead me on let me stand..." creation is going on. When our deacons pray and all of you respond with an Amen - creation is going on. When visitors come and worship with us and feel moved to come down the aisle to sit at the altar and join the church creation is going on. God is raising us from death to life, from sin to salvation, and from wrath to redemption.

I want to say this morning that if creation is to continue here at Calvary then we must see ourselves as the creators because wrapped in our creative activities there is redemption from sin, responsiveness to God, and better relationships between each other. If you have ever wondered whether or not you were spending enough time here in the church's activities -- realize and know that your creative energies is what redeems you from sin, your creative energies is what makes you responsive to God, Your creative energies is what provides a closer relationship between the pastor and the congregation, between the deacons and the trustees, and between each and every one of you with each other. As creators we participate with God in making the Garden a reality once more.

We must begin as Israel began and look back at our history - And when we do look at our history we find out where sins begin. We find out what we have been missing out on-- The Garden, Redemption, Responsiveness, Relationships. Take for example, the old Negro folktale about the colored man in heaven. There was this Black man in heaven and at the time he was the only one. But somehow heaven was a very lonely place, so like most colored folks do in a strange place he looked for him a friend. It turned out that the only friend he could find was down there on earth running home brew in a liquor still. So, the brother went on down to spend a little time with him. Now the pearly gates close 6 o'clock. So the brother made it back and everything seemed all right. The next morning God said to him: "You stay away from down there in that old sinful world. Your going to be drinking that old home brew and that old rotgutten liquor. And the brother responded: "No God, I ain't goin to be doing that cause I likes it up here."

Next morning, bright and early the brother flew on back and his friend coached him into taking a taste of whiskey: "Go on and try some of this whiskey it sure tastes good - the devil inside his friend kept saying - Drink as much as you can, drink as much as you like. The brother was just fool enough to drink too much. So when six o'clock rolled around he didn't show up to the gates. At about 7:30 he made it up to the gates. He commenced to beating on the pearly gates, hollering, and talking loud: "Let me in here for I tear these gates down." The angels rushed over to him in order to quiet him down. He said, "Don't hush hush me, cause I know my rights." In the next breath he hollered to the Angels, "You go tell God I want to see him - now. I'm going to let him know how I feel."

God finally shows up and says, "Go on to sleep and that he'd see him first thing in the morning. "I can't wait. I want to tell what happen. I been down in that sinful world and got high as a kite. So the next morning God called a meeting and the brother was front in line. "Don't remember nothin," he said. "Don't know nothin about nothin." God told him you went down to that old sinful world, drank up some of that rotgut whiskey, chased it with home brew and you don't know nothin about nothin? Let me tell you one thing, if you go back down there I'm going to take your wings and cast you out of heaven." The brother immediately replied, "No God, I ain't going no more."

And just as soon as the gates were opened the colored angel stole some of the pearls from up there, and came back down to see his friend. "Say man, pour me a half pint of that whiskey and a half gallon of that home brew. I'm so mad at God I don't know what to do." His partner said, "Say man, what went wrong up there?" "Oh wasn't I mad last night when I got up there. Some of that little

stuff I drank last night must've gotten on my wings. You know I hate the sight of them folks anyhow. Set me up another half pint of that stuff and here are a few things I brought you from heaven. Don't you think these pearls are worth two pints of whiskey? Well I'll pick up the half gallon of home brew on the way back up there."

He drank the two pints down, goes out into the street, and has a fight, gits knock down and breaks his wings, goes back to the place to pick up his half gallon of home brew, jumps on his buddy cause he didn't have no more whiskey. He starts back to heaven trying to fly with his wings broken, and draggen the clouds. He sees God and says, "God, I guess you'd better take these wings back cause you give 'em to the wrong fellow. But you know one thing God I was a flying black angel while I had them.

It is folk tales like these that help us to re-create and re-live our history. It is folk tales like these that become part of our rich oral tradition. When we look back on these stories we see where we have been. We see where we should be going. In the same way the writers of Genesis found it necessary to look back at their oral tradition and ask, "What is it that God is saying to us?" Where does redemption begin for us? Where does responsiveness to God in our lives and in the lives of our forefathers - where does that begin? Where do our relationships with God and our brother begin? In other words, when we see God in our history we begin to realize the difference between what we used to think and what we ought to think.

The writer of Genesis points that when God spoke nature responded. For Israel as a whole this also meant that when God spoke history responded. For Isaiah says, "Awake, Awake, put on your strength, Oh arm of God, Awake as in the days of old - the generations of long ago." Isaiah continues by saying, " Was it not thou that didst dry up the sea, the waters of the great deep. That didst make the depths of the sea a way for the redeemed to pass over." When we think of redemption from sin, when we think of responding to God's call, when we think of a better relationship to thee and thy brother - we must first remember the creation story. Keeping in mind the great God Almighty who spoke,"Let there be light. Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters. Let the dry land be seen. Let the earth bring forth grass, herbs producing seed. Let there be luminaries in the expanse of the heavens, and let these luminaries be for signs, and for seasons and for days and for years. It is this great God, the Creator God, that Israel had to see in her history before she could create with God redemption, responsiveness, and relationships for her people. I suppose this is the reason why I get all choked because I can hear clearly James Weldon Johnson, "Then God reached out and took the light in his hands. And God rolled the light around in his hands. Until he made the sun. And he set that sun ablazing in the heavens. And the light that was left from making the sun God gathered it up in a shining ball and flung it against the darkness, spangling the night with the moon and the stars. Then down between the darkness he hurled the world. And God said, "That's Good!"

Let me ask, is it good that Israel put together and wrote their own creation story? Let me ask is it good that Israel saw man as the crown of God's creation? Why is it that the writer of the Genesis creation story quoted God as saying, "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness and let them have dominion over... all the earth? Why they could have quoted God as saying, "Let us make an Israelite in our image." These and other questions point to the fact that Israel saw all that God created through his word as good and worthy of being fruitful and multiplying. Israel saw God's creation as being big enough to include the whole world. We can come from any background, any race, believe in any religion and the creation story can still include you. Today, I believe we are all able to respond

to what theologians call the divine imperative - "Be fruitful and multiply! Be creators! Allow creation to continue but how?

The Gospel! Jesus came to us as the second Adam. When Adam sinned and fell from the Garden by disobeying God. A new Adam needed to be raised up. And God has raised him up in the name of his son. He did this so that all of us might look inside of ourselves, and see our abilities, our talents, our good points, our bad points and realize and know that down here on earth and in this life is where creation will happen. With Jesus in our hearts; We are given the faith to move mountains. God says; Be fruitful and multiply. God says that at Hopewell look hard and see what you can create. Is it possible, this morning to let God raise us up to the Garden for a more closer walk with thee. Is it possible this morning to let God redeem us from the limits of our size? Is it possible, this morning to let God's spirit make us more responsive ---- you know in my father's house everybody can say "Amen." Is it possible, to let God create better and more fulfilling relationships?

I know sometimes I feel - I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow, I am in this wide world alone. No hope in this world for tomorrow. I'm trying to make heaven my home.

Sometimes I am tossed and driven. Sometimes I don't know where to roam. I've heard of a city called heaven. I've started to make it my home.

My mother's gone on to pure glory. My father's still walkin in sin. My sisters and brothers won't own me. Because I'm trying to get in.

Sometimes I am tossed and driven. Sometimes I don't know where to roam. I've heard of a city called heaven. I've started to make it my home.

Don Oliver
(Sermon preached at Second
Calvary Baptist Church
Otha Gilyard, Pastor.)

Reflections on the Church BettyAnn West

To the new church:

Empty land
That's where the nw church will stand.
Brick on top of brick
A little sand
Oh so grand.
Money
money is what the trustees shout.
LORD
I think they left you out.

TO THE SEXY SISTER

She'll beat him to bed
That's what they said.
She'll give it up.
Christian she is--
For no price she is his.
Free love
Example she sets
Minister, educator,
What I see
is
a woman
Gentle yet too free
I met her here at seminary
What effect does she have on me.
What about those who happen to see.
They say give it up
it's free
Look at she and he,
They go to the seminary!

MRS. JONES

Almost as busy as he,
Working in the church.
Yet she hates his job,
No, not really--
Just can't see him enough.
God comes first.
Others do too.
No time for Mrs. Jones.
She'll wait until very late.
She can wait no longer;
So she calls a friend.
Together they leave.
It's a boy!
And Rev. Jones finally comes
At least Mrs. Jones
will have something to do.
Jones, she will still worry about you
work in the church
and die early from
work
work
God's mercy!

Reflections on the Church (cont)

ABOUT DEDICATION

Sonny died today that is what the note said.
So there goes Rev. Jones
Who is Sonny? The busy man asked.
Funerals seem to be such a task.
I can't remember a Sonny in my church
I guess he never comes.

Driving down the road -
Thinking of the semon.
Such a dedicated man!
Why can't his family understand?
Oh he sill stop and say hi to the family.
Well someday they will know -
Such a dedicated man.

So many cars in the yard.
Those kids - always having friends in.
Maybe it is bridge today; I hope the wife wins.
As he enters the house,
Everything is as quiet as a mouse.
Who is Sonny the busy man asked?
Jones... That's your son!

FROM THE FAT LADY:

Today he talked of self control.
No thanks- I can't have that jelly roll.
Damn that Rev. Jones-
All he is is skin and bones.
He never had to do without!
I'm so hungry I could almost shout.
Oh for a piece of meat
A piece of pie can't be beat.
But a Christian I am--
I'll practice self control
tomorrow.
But today pass the jelly roll!

CHURCHES

BIG
BEAUTIFUL
BENEFACTOR
Controlling the money
as I starve.

Nixon kills me
in the name of
national peace.

YOU
in
the
name of
GOD!

POEMS

by Dixie Baker

SAND IN MY FLESH

to Gary

My boy-proud child, you are my black pearled gift;
Sand in my flesh, a salty itch of mine.
I placed you smooth before the wind-torn cliffs.

I bayed the moon for you, I stood the rift.
At dawn two Winkles brown, my wide soft eyes.
My boy proud child, you are my black-pearled gift.

Sea flower, red, sweet mouth in blooming: "Lift
Me close. Your bounty rich-sea moist, sea rye."
I held you smooth before the wind-torn cliffs.

Strong hands, sun fed and warm, sea weed you sift
From limpet shells to make your crown. My wise,
My boy-proud child, you are my black-pearled gift.

There's not a clinch of stay in you. You drift
In full before your dreams. My wild spring tide,
I watched you smooth before the wind-torn cliffs.

The brackish pelting of my heart you skip
In: my life spray. For you, the opened sky.
My boy--proud child, you are my black-pearled gift.
I placed you smooth before the wind-torn cliffs.

(dedicated to gary walker)

If I had a favorite prophet, he would probably be Jeremiah.
If I believed in prophecy as being an inevitable destiny of nowness-
I would probably be a prophet of Yawhe-
just like Jeremiah.

But Yawhe's dialogue with me would have been different when He approached me to be about His business:

And Yawhe spoke to me:

Before you were conceived, I knew you,
and before you were born I had a job set out for you.
Spread my word to all nations. I charge you.

And I said:

Oh Lord, Yawhe
I don't know how to respond to your calling.
I am a baby in Your eyes. I am an infant.

And He answered:

Don't saythat you are an infant;
Wherever I send you- go.
Whatever I relate to you- go speak it.
Do not fear the opposition or the oppressors-
I am with you. I will be your security.

Then Yawhe would extend His hand and touch my mouth saying;

I put my word in your mouth;
On this day I place you in charge of institutions, nations, kingdoms.
To pull up moral standards and pull down greedy people who make up the power structure, to liberate your people and fertilize young black minds to grow in Freedom.

And I would go quickly, and be about my Lord's Business.

(Chap. 1:4-10)

dixie

HARLEM

(excerpts from "Reflections on Urbania")

There is no need to have pets there-
Roaches and rats grow the size of cats.
Rats don't have to look for leftovers or crumbs
that hit the floor-
seldom are there left-overs,
and crumbs are too precious to hit
anything but mouths.

Rats seek their nourishment around the
corners of babies' eyes-
or the dried milk around their mouths.

Rats don't need food stanps.
Those rats are nourished.

Mothers cry at their babies' funerals.

***

I have gotten so disgusted while walking down
crowded avenues
observing crowded Blackness in bunches of crowds-
People peeping over hilltops of garbage, decayed dreams,
and powdered hopes-
junkies in desert-like hallways,
Mothers strung out- children strung further.
Rat infested shanties with brick exteriors.
Windows with cardboard keeping out the cold-
Cold running water-
Half-filled, half running iceboxes-
Oil heaters 'cause the furnace don't work no more.

Grief 'cause the landlord is temporarily out of order too.

dixie

ON THE BRIDGE

Ask me now if I am like the stone;
If I can last a desert's age
And still live on through winter.
Today the gulls came back,
White and still with dawn,
Disturbing the ice with their waiting.
Yes, I have enough memories,
Four centuries of them. I am made of them.
But today the gulls came back.

Ask me now if I am like the stone;
If I've been smoothed and edged
With so much roughing.
Today your voice came back
As clear and soft as dawn,
Sunwarmed, windcalmed.
And yes, I've faced these times before,
A million of them. I am made of them.
But today your voice came back.

Ask me now if I am like the stone.
Yes now! I am full of now-
An eternity I tell you. It is all I know
The gulls cried today.
I was standing on the bridge
Waiting for the sun to reach me
And you came back, silently pressing,
Sand in your veins granite hard.

The gulls cried today.

dixie

Nixon and the Urban Crisis

President Nixon recently told the nation that "the urban crisis is over." He argued the point from a recent decline in urban crime rates and from the recent absence of urban rioting. Reactions ranged from shock to dismay. You wouldn't guess that the urban crisis is over from a close look at American cities. Nor do urbanists agree -- for each one saying that things are getting better another is saying that the urban crisis is now hopeless. Businessmen don't seem convinced either; I don't see them buying up the hundreds of lots now for sale in central ward Newark.

Presidential words have an effect all their own, and the effect was probably all Nixon desired. The psychological force seems to be that from a middle class suburban perspective the urban crisis is over -- that is, no riots have broken out recently, and possibly the downtowns will become a bit safer for daytime employment or commerce. That is, the force of Nixon's words was that "the urban centers have been pacified." And probably Nixon wants to drain further the sense of urgency over American cities, a sense which peaked after the 1967 riots and the Kerner Report but has been waning since. It is a case of making benign neglect legitimate.

What is the future of American cities? Is there light at the end of the tunnel? From the perspective of Newark, not yet. The economic plight of the city government is worsening year by year. It will remain solvent in 1973 only by the happenstance of a double dose of revenue-sharing money in one year; in 1974 something drastic must be done to meet the budget, like declaring bankruptcy and passing into receivership of the state, or closing some of the schools. Only strong action by the state legislature can prevent that. Jobs continue to leave Newark, and the housing stock is declining in numbers and in quality. Education shows no sign of improvement. Office space downtown cannot find renters. Racial tensions are worse now than in the last few years. The light, if there is any, comes from the success of Mayor Gibson to rid the city at least partially of the Mafia, the new airport, and the new public investment in the city in the form of a new medical school, county college, and architecture school.

But Nixon's words will have an effect on those living in the cities as well as on suburbanites. His words will alienate and embitter them. Adding this tension to the already-present tensions in the cities won't help us in the monumental task of solving America's urban crisis.

Dean R. Hoge

Hakim (Henry Youngblood AKA Arthur Davis) until recently was an inmate at the Philadelphia House of Correction. I have know Hakim, as a chaplain at that jail, for several months and have been impressed with his poetry, more than anything I have been instructed by him. This is one of iterally hundreds that he has written, most of them in prison. With three other inmates or former inmates he has prepared a manuscript for publication that hopefully will be published soon, possibly in mimeograph form and freely distributed (which, as one may see is consistant with the feeling of the following poem).

I submit this poem for publication in Viewpoint with his permission and hope that it can be a contributing statement in our own insulated ghetto.

Brian H. Childs

THE POETS

You poets, with those circumcized flowery words
And Phrases that wear prophylatics
Your message shall never penetrate
The womb of the ghetto
It will never reach
The back alleys
The greasy spoons
The dirt yards
Or the reservations
Where the real people are caged
They will never hear you or know you
Because they can't afford to
There is a $3.95 wall of segregation between you and us
It must be torn down
Unless...that is unless
Your message is not meant for them
If this is the case then you are not poets
Or messagers--but pimps
And your souls are your prostitutes
You are the prophets of the false fuck
But your circumcized words
Will never penetrate the womb of the ghetto
You jive motherfuckas
My poetry aint for sale
It's for the People

Hakim

VIEWPOINT

LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR... A GENERATION OF PEACE...
JORDAN
NEWS
WAR WINDING DOWN
WILSON SAYS
U.S. TOLL AT NEW LOW
I GUESS IT DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW...

A note on this issue's cover:

The art work for our final issue was done several months ago - before the "end" of the war - by Peter Jordan, and submitted by Roger Watts. Now, the war is no longer "winding down" - it is "over". Richard Nixon and The American Way have triumphed - the P.O.W.'s are home, the foundations for a "generation of peace" have supposedly been laid.

And yet... American bombs continue to fall in Southeast Asia: only the boundaries have been changed. Our P.O.W.'s are rightfully welcomed in the knowledge that they have lost much. It is just unfortunate that they are being manipulated into being a justification for the entire war, while countless others who could not, in good conscience point a gun at a fellow human being are being branded as traitors and thus becoming scapegoats to absolve all the guilty.

And the generation of peace? Begun gloriously with an administrative scandal that is incredibly shameful and frightening.

The sermon in Peter Jordan's artwork is just as relevant now as ever: "I guess it depends on your point of view..."

jvc.

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Staff

John V. Carlson
Judi Muller
Alex Wales

Dan Shute
Dave Wiseman
Members of ABS

"On the Celebration of Death in America, 1973"

(Read Deut. 30:11-20)

We live in a society that embraces Death as it seeks simultaneously to deny the power and reality of death in human existence. The experience of death has been removed to hospitals and nursing homes, and automated battlefields, with their unseen unknown enemy. As death loses some of its tragic presence, it allows us to deny the sting; its bitter pain is softened by its very remoteness.

The coming of the TV generation has contributed to the sense of unreality that surrounds death. The same actor falls dead in a high noon shoot-out only to appear healthy week after week, until we develop a feeling that death doesn't really happen in "real life."

Kubler-Ross describes how a few generations ago the undertaker would prepare a body for burial in the home, as all the family and friends gathered to mourn. Death was clearly a hard fact. Now we whisk people off in a big sleek ambulance to die in a sterile, impersonal hospital, where the death of a patient is sometimes as traumatic for the medical staff as for the family. Sometimes the dead patient is ready to be taken away and embalmed ("Looks just like she's asleep, doesn't she?") even before the family reaches the hospital.

As modern warfare becomes increasingly mechanized and automated, this most inhuman of all social activities suffers from the same dehumanization that plagues all recipients of technological "progress." The electronic battlefield and B-52 raids from 30,000 feet where you are so high you can't even distinguish your target on the ground, reduce the "enemy" to a faceless blip on a radar screen. The enemy becomes Jap--Red--Nigger--Gook. It is remote, detatched, undiscriminating. You can see it all on the 6:00 News. On TV, is it really real? Nineteen eighty-four is just eleven years away. Does it still seem like science fiction?

At the same time so much of our energy is expended in denying the power of death over us, there is also a strange magnet-like attraction to death and the means of destruction as we pursue what we want to think is"the Good Life." Americans consume a staggering proportion of the resources of the world. In the process we have raped the enviornment, causing damage to the systems that support life that may never be healed.

Suburbia seems caught up in a Dionysian whirlwind of self-indulgent activities. You don't dare slow down and ask where you are or what you are doing, for fear of being confronted with the hollowness of existence.

No amount of statistical gymnastics can conceal the fact that the President proposes for Fiscal Year 1974 that we increase military spending by nearly five billion dollars, at the expense of OEO and other programs designed to meet desperate human needs. Isn't it enough that we are capable of destroying the Soviet Union ten or fifteen times over, while (to choose just one example) there are over 4,000,000 substandard dwellings in the country that must be replaced? The"nuclear shield" may turn out to be our shroud.

The power of death is almost overwhelming. Confronted by death we too often seek the easy, the expedient, rather than being willing to do the work, take the risk, give the time to be human.

(continued on page 6)

President Announces "Golden Goose Award" Nominees

In a surprise move this morning, the Grand Old Organization for Seminary Education (Goose) announced its nominees for the First Annual "Golden Goose" Awards for excellent educational programming at WPTS.

A spokesman for the President of Goose made public the nominations at a news conference at 3 a.m., and answered questions in typical left-handed fashion.

Noting that the President himself was nominated in several categories, he said, "Sure, we admit it looks likely that the President will receive several of the awards himself. But after all, they were his idea, and we thought it only right that he should get at least one goose."

He went on to add that since this award had been part of PTS tradition for years, it was only natural to make it a part of the establishment.

The nominees, in the several categories are:

For the Karl Barth Award for Theological Irrelevance:

"Oral Roberts" - primarily a psychological freakout, for pastoral counseling students only."

"Casper the Friendly Ghost" - a clever cartoon treatment of the doctrine of the Third Article.

"The Guiding Light" - soap opera version of the Paschal Vigil.

"The Odd Couple" - liberal and fundamentalist dialogue at PTS

For the Junior Faculty Award for Over-Achievement in Faculty and Staff Programming:

"All in the Family"- staring a seminary President as a domineering father who rules with an iron hand.
Not for those with weak stomachs.

"Sun Stroke" - a western featuring Marshall Mort Dooley, cleverly disguised as a campus custodian, who is struck down and blinded by a flash of light reflected in the windshield of a car on which he is placing a ticket.

"Jeopardy" - exciting game show in which Hebrew students attempt to outwit professor by figuring out what day he's going to call on them.

"Who, What and Where Game" - A variant of Jeopardy in which Hebrew students try to guess what professor is referring to when he says "Who," "what," and "where" at strategic points in his sentences.

For the "Ridiculous Research Award for Documentaries"

"Picture for A Sunday Afternoon" - X-Rated movies from P-W and Married dorms.

"Bar-Trek" - semi-documentary of social life on a prominent eastern seminary campus.

"Wild Kingdom" - Rare photographs of single student dorm life.

"Emergency" - An exciting series of still photos of students upon discovering three bottles of prune juice have been inadvertently poured into the weeks chili.

For the "Byers Award for Administrative Paper-Shuffling":

"Name of the Game" - a senior female student undergoes a sex charge in order to gain a job interview.

"Let's Make a Deal" - Frantic seniors trade their wives, hard cash, souls and Jerusalem Bibles in exchange for a job.

"Mission Impossible" - Seminary students in a never ending struggle for a straight answer from anybody.

"Beat the Crock" - a game show whose title speaks for itself. Stars active administrative staff.

For the "Gospel Light Award for Childish Programming"

"Sez-Me Street" - An entertaining view of student government starring a seminary president.

"Medical Center" - a seminary student dies from exhaustion and exposure trying to collect on his group insurance policy.

"Get Smart" - the story of a seminary dropout.

"You Asked for It" - What any seminary student discovers after two weeks on campus.

Jack Carlson

* * *

In Retrospect

Fifty-thousand American dead. Uncounted men, women and children - hundreds, thousands, maybe even millions maimed, killed, starved -- all of a different race on a faraway continent. Thirteen years (or was it fifty?) of armed conflict (not a war, but just as deadly, just as devastating). Heroes' welcomes given not to the conquerors, but to the vanquished soldiers, not to the valiant militia but to returned prisoners of war. O War, where is your glory? O Greed, where is your Profit?

Historians may yet record a statement like this, maybe not so prosaic, but something like it. How history can play tricks with the lives of men! In 1960, Richard Nixon was a defeated vice-president, vowing to never return to the political arena. In 1973, that same Nixon sits on the throne of power, president of a nation striving for a just and face-saving peace.

There was the Bay of Pigs, the War (skirmish) on Poverty, the civil liberties battles, Black Power, the assassinations of Kennedys and King, the rise of pornography, Women's Liberation, riots in the cities, Attica, the Cuban missile crisis, sexual revolution, a whole host of events, both useful and useless. Man reached out to the moon, to the depths of the oceans. Science did battle with death and pain. Persons were in prison, died alone, fled the country. Old people were put aside to end their lives in seclusion as the boundaries of life were pushed back. All this was set on a stage where the rumble of Vietnam was the continuing backdrop of American life.

And now, where are we? As the rumblings in Cambodia grow, as consumer shortages gather strength, as American cities deteriorate and crumble - where are we? God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son. Man's response to the same world is such that they don't give a damn. In the face of governmental cutbacks (in all programs except defense), our nation seems to have a great deal to lose and very little to gain. The United States is caught in a race which appears to be going somewhere, with no chance of winning or maybe even finishing.

In the ramblings of a mind though, perhaps one can examine our nation from the perspective of God's judgement. Since World War I, America has grown to be the leader among leaders, a judge among judges. Its power has developed into a god-

like force -- the power of death and destruction -- a demonic darkness that threatens to snuff-out the world.

Perhaps God's greatest judgement on a nation is to allow it to become great. It seems easier to be a second-rate, "pushed around" nation than to be the "big boy on the bloc" (sphere?). In a nation that believes that "God is on our side" a terrible realization is that maybe God isn't on our side, that maybe we're out on a limb that is far too fragile for a nation with such a great weight of responsibility. If America sees itself out in the open, alone, with no one to give a reaffirmation, then the paranoic results of peacemaker and war-monger may drive the nation to abuse and misuse a military power unparalleled in history. And God seems to be testing America's power to succeed, knowing the negative results bound to occur. Unfortunately, many souls are the price of this test.

Life is only as valuable as it is useful. And America seems willing to use life in whatever manner it can. Our consumer economy gobbles up our natural resources at an ever-increasing rate. Men have been fed into the military-industrial complex to be mulched down into charts and graphs that reveal America's strength and productivity.

Yet in this same enviornment, seeds of discontent and change have been sown and are now beginning to bear fruit. Like weeds in a garden, these movements threaten the neat orderly rows of establishment. The caretakers of "what is" don't realize the power of these off-shoots of impending re-direction and even possibly, rebirth of America - in a new and different form. Perhaps God's hand is to be found in these newly developed realities of the future. They reveal the possibilities that can and do exist if Americans can reach out and grasp that which lies so close to them. But the question seems to be - Will we? Can a nation seek a just and honorable peace while it seeks to bomb its way to the peace table? Can God's judgement be understood and valued by a nation seeking to prove its greatness? Only time can tell -- if only there is enough time.

Alex Wales

(continued from page 3)

Look around you. You make the choices every day. Can you see the power of death in your world of experience? Or have you been some mesmerized by it that it no longer seems out of place? Do you have the courage, the will, the faith to stand over against death? The choice is yours.

Rollin Kirk